the flowers scent sweeter than elsewhere ? Is it only the radiance of the Eastern sunlight vibrating in the gardens that the emerald of the moina* birds gleams brighter, the hibiscus glows intenser, the cry of the muezzin from the gold-tipped minarets rising behind the banyans sounds more sonorous than of wont ? Yet even in external beauty the forms of those within it are lovelier, more perfect than elsewhere.

Nothing to show ! In ancient days the mysteries were veiled in awesome secrecy. To-day those who know them, to whom nature is an open book, are living amongst us, some of them, in the flesh. Here some of the earth's most famous men and women have felt themselves of small account, the double first man of his University, the *bien desire* of London, acts as a servant, the greatest teacher of her day has come as a humble learner, the ambassadress chela gladly eats rice with her hands.

Nothing to show ! That there two worlds meet. Yet we who KNOW can only breathe,

God make us worthy to cross the threshold !

* Indian parrot.